12331. bbb. 42.

Patrick Swift-Sight's

VISION

OF THE

Devil knows what.

WE, whoſe Names are underwritten, do atteſt that this is not an idle Relation, but the Viſion of a Man in his Senſes; and that the Boxes herein mention'd were ſeen by many Hundreds. Witneſs our Hands this Fourth *of* December, 1714.

Sir Conſtans Lies.
Sir Hugh Heggons.
Jolterhead Blunder,
Bencher of Lyons-Inn.

A Strange, Unprecedented and Unheard-of

APPARITION,

That was lately seen in

BRICK-COURT,

IN THE

Middle Temple Lane,

ON

Wednesday, Dec. 1. 1714.

By PATRICK SWIFT-SIGHT, D. D.

There was a Lawyer of great Note,
Who was a Scandal to his Coat. Hud.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *R. Burleigh* in *Amen-Corner.* 1714.
(Price 3 *d.*)

INTRODUCTION

BRITISH MUSEUM

Introduction.

WHEN Villainy, and trayterous Crimes, and horrid Wickedneſs have been the uninterrupted and daily Practice of a Man in this ſublunary Orb, even his Ghoſt is not permitted or allowed to reſt in peaceful Slumbers in the forgetful Grave, where all Things (Sin excepted) ſleep in Peace. Oh! Wicked Man! Oh! Unhappy Wretch! For Worldly Pelf, for

for trifling Duſt, for uncomfort-giving Riches, which in another World can never be poſſeſt, thus to proſtitute Conſcience, debauch thy Rationality, debaſe thy Original Formation, and deſcend to the unback-conſidering Nature of Beaſts! Alas! alas! Woe! woe! Ah! ah! Me! me! What ſhall I ſay unto this horrid, damnable, baſe, unchriſtian, unfaith-endowed Creature? When wilt thou repent religiouſly, and with a ſaintlike Wiſdom deſpiſe the trifling Body-puniſhing Penances, in compariſon of the Chriſtian-heart-ſaving Thought-enjoyment, which much tranſcends

ſcendes thoſe which heavy Matter-clogged Corpuſcles are capable of Taſting? When Men, for Miſchief-inventing Devices, cannot take their Nature-requiring Slumbers in this Terreſtrial Globe, then in another unbody-preſerving Soul-filled Manſion, they are not permitted to reſt and remain in quiet unremoving Eaſe, but are compelled to a round-about-this-World-wandring Voyage, and diſturb thoſe human Creatures, that they have with diabolically-hatched Contrivances trapann'd into deep-wounding Misfortunes. When by an Inſtrument of Life-depriving Murder

Murder a mortal Creature is ſent to the Grave with all his uncarefully-repented Errors on his Head, when his horrid Life-away Taker comes to depart, he is by Juſtice forced to walk upon this ſubterraneous before-inhabited Planet, and by his Walking afright the unduty-practiſing Youth. This, my dear, my Apparition-believing, Ghoſt-fearing, patiently-minded Readers, is in no hiſtorical Tract more amply convincingly prov'd and made apparent than from the following, well-atteſteſt *Iriſh* Parſon-ſeen Viſion, on which I leave you all to make Remarks and Reflections ſuitable

able to the present surprizing and un-by-Man expected Incident, which I have with a Theophysiological Sincerity related.

THE VISION.

HAving an Occaſion (as moſt Clergymen have) of Conſulting my Lawyer about Tythes, I happen'd to be in *Brick-Court* in the *Middle-Temple*, on *Wedneſday* the Firſt of *December*, 1714. When to my great Surprize I met with That which I ſcarce thought to be in Nature, and which has throughly convinc'd me of the Truth of thoſe Elaborate Works of *Glanville* and *Beaumont*.

About the Hours of Eleven or Twelve preciſely (for I would not tell a Lye) in the Midſt of the Court appear'd a Spectre, in ſhape and form a Barriſter,

with Blubber-Lips, purblind Eyes, and Countenance dejected. In One Hand he held a cancell'd Patent, in the Other a Burning-Glaſs. On his Breaſt in *Court-Hand* written, O HONE! O HONE! Such a Face and Noſe have I ſeen ſome where on a College-Gate in *Oxford*; and ſuch a Paper on a Breaſt, has been ſometimes advanc'd to a Pillory. The Spectre, full of ſtately, but dejected Pride, advances towards Number T W O, looks for a Mace before him, when inſtantly a Spirit in Shape of Porter, with ſingle oaken Plant, ſeem'd to convey him up the Stairs-- He look'd ſowr, and diſappear'd. I had ſcarce recover'd the Fright, when fifteen other Ghoſts, in Shape like Boxes nail'd, advanc'd, carry'd by Spirits in Form like common Porters. This awaken'd my Curioſity, and what Curioſity would not be awaken'd at it? --- Approaching to the Spectrums, I perceiv'd on Each was written in *Capital* Letters C. P. I

Croſs'd-

Croſs'd my ſelf and with true Chriſtian Courage demanded who they were. Theſe Words no ſooner utter'd, when to my vaſt Surpriſe, Two Boxes, tho' corded ſtrongly down, burſt open, and out there leapt Ten Thouſand little Spirits, in Shape of *Lewis Do'rs*, All Round as *Robin's*, and ſeem'd to be of the ſame *Stamp*. They friſk'd up Stairs, ſo I ſaw no more of them. Meeting with this Encouragement, I examin'd all the reſt---Two Cheſts, prodigious large, ſtood Cheek by Jowl; A Spectrum in Shape of Porter told me they were fill'd with the ſame Materials, which when I came to examine, I found to be an endleſs Number of Prodigious Lyes. True Sons and Daughters (quoth the Devil in Porter's Habit) of that Black Gentleman you ſaw here but now. Thoſe Three other Boxes don't pleaſe him ſo well, Peep in the next and there you'll ſee mangled Reliques of his Indignation, diſſected Charters, Corporation-

ration-Cries in Parchment Doublets, Orphans and Widows Tears, bottled like *Uſquebaugh*, to keep. That other Box is fill'd with Oaths, ſwallow'd in the Vehicle of a *Double Entendre*; you ſee the Cheſt is not well nail'd, for theſe are Things the Barriſter does not deſign to keep. In that Box of diſmal Hue, in Shape of a Coffin, lies laid at Length a Conſcience as dead as a Door-Nail; 'twas knock'd on the Head ſome Years ago by its Owner, for diſturbing him in the Execution of his Office. That little diminutive Box that hangs at one of the Corners of this, like a Button juſt forſaking its ancient Coat, (which is to be buried at the Charge of the Benchers of the *Temple*) contains the Black Gentleman's Modeſty. That great heavy Cheſt is Braſs, and is always Part of this Lawyer's Equipage. That Cheſt there is full of Ignorance: There is ſtuck upon it a Doctor's Degree, and *O. U.* at the Bottom of it. Thoſe o-

ther

ther Boxes, ſeldom or never open'd, are fill'd with Books---The Devil had ſcarce ſaid this, when with a Wand he ſtruck the Cheſts, which of a ſudden roſe, walk'd in Order up the Stairs in Number T W O. I inſtantly loſt Sight of them; ſo went about my Buſineſs. This is the whole Truth and Nothing but the Truth.

Atteſted by me,

Patrick Swift-Sight.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

WHile I was penning the aforeſaid Relation, a Brother Countryman, and an excellent *Iriſh* Poet, ſhwore by the Shoul of Shaint *Patrick*, he would make ſhome Varſhes on the Dear Joy the Deſheaſed Counſhellor, which he deſhired me to Print.

VARSHES on the Dear Joy the Deſheas'd Counſhellor.

I.

ARRA---and iſh Sir Connee *dead,*
And carry'd to the Temple?
Ah Boo! Boo! Boo! --- How can't be ſhaid
Sir Con *could be ſho ſhimple?*

II.

He waſh a Lord, Dear Joy, by Chreeſt,
After before his going;
And now Miſhfortune of the Feſt,
Hiſh Death is Teague's *Undoing.*

III.

Ha! Teague, *he waſh thyne one ſweet*
Broder,
Thee might ſhee in his Faaſhe;
Dear Joy, there waſh not ſuch annoder
In Ireland *ſtock'd with Braaſh.*

IV.

To raiſhe a Monument in Rhyme,
Teague *will not now endeaver;*
But ſhet his Head up, where ſhome Time
It will endure for ever.

V. *The*

V.

The Temple-Gate, *down at the Top,*
God ſhave his Lordſhips Graaſh,
Ah my Shoul---Arra---when his Heads
ſhet up,
'Twill be a pretty Plaaſh.

Sho Shings Teague.

V.

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